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Poetry.

THE DAISY.

The daisy blossoms on the rocks
And the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That threads the glass beneath;
The eagle, in his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest;
And in the mead it cushions soft
The lady's descending breast.
Before the cuckoo's earliest spring
His silver throat knows;
When greeting buds begin to swell,
And whisper to the snow,
Along the meadows here,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The daisy still is there.
Beneath the flowers to be
All roses are alike—
The butter on his glister height,
The Dutchman by his dyke,
The seal-skin vested Equinox,
Begit with his eyes,
And underneath his burning noon,
The paroled Chinese.
The emigrant on distant shore,
Mid scenes and faces strange,
Beholds it flowering in the award
Where'er his footsteps range;
And when his yearning, home-sick heart
Would hush to his despair,
It reads his eye a lesson—
That God is everywhere!

Stars are daisies that begin
The blue fields of the sky,
Behold by all, and everywhere,
Bright prototypes on high.
Bloom on, then, unpretending flowers!
And to the warbler be
An emblem of St. Paul's content
At Stephen's martyrdom.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GIFT.

She sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past;
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss,
Filled her soul with such a rapture,
That it knew no other bliss.
O, those happy, happy moments,
They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there.
There are words of comfort spoken,
And the burden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling brow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief.
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been!
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe;
Gently eyes look down upon her,
And the voice that hushed the sea
Sills her spirit with the whisper,
"Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gales swing inward,
And she sees her baby there!

THE FAYA TREE.

There's a distant spot 'midst the ocean waves,
Where a bright little island rises;
With its lovely mountains and star-gemmed caves;
It's queen of the western isles.
'Tis mid the forests, though rich they be,
There is naught can vie with the Faya tree.
When the tender orange begins to bloom,
With its branches of softest green,
Or where, like stars, shines its golden fruit,
Is the graceful Faya seen.
A shade from the scorching sun to be,
Beneath the love of the orange tree.
It latches the dove from the rude night air,
To shed its gentlest shower;
The bright pearl-drops with a parent's care
On the leaves of the orange-flower;
It's tender wake on the storm-rouned sea,
As a warrior shield on the Faya tree.
A small still voice for the lonely heart,
Midst thy whispering boughs I hear;
An emblem meet, lonely tree, thou art,
Of one who is ever near;
A shelter to soft-dreaming glances night,
A refuge and shield in grief's stormy night.

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still,
With soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the hill,
And echo answers from the hill,
And softer sings the linnets from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill,
Midst light serene, half sacred Sabbath morn.
The rooks float silently, in airy drows;
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The glees that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose,
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
So ended the day when the first morn arose.

Selected Tale.

PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

OR MRS. POTTER'S HISTORY.

In most sections of the Western States, twenty years ago, abundant means did not always bring relief from domestic duty and drudgery, especially to females. In the country all were independent farmers, on their own wild land, requiring all the labor of every member of the household and in the towns social orders had nothing of the acknowledged positions belonging to older communities; the poor expected soon to be rich, when according to their favorite phrase, they would be as good as anybody, and it was rare indeed that any one could be induced to undertake the duties of household service. Gentlemen were compelled to groom their own horses and drive their own cows, or dispense with the comforts flowing from the possession of these useful animals, and the ladies were obliged to sacrifice inclination and taste, and often give their entire time to cooking, house cleaning and sewing or suffer the consequences.

Pre-eminence among those who never allowed their household to feel the need of comforts that could provide, resulting either from their own labor, or that of others under their directions, many an old inhabitant of Deerfield, Indiana, will remember Mrs. Thomas. True the village of those days has now become a city of nominal pretensions or actual importance; has changed its name for one less suggestive of burden of life and it has become quite cosmopolitan in many respects; yet Mrs. Thomas lives there still; loving the tender vines, shrubs and trees which she planted a quarter of a century since, and from that quiet retreat holding converse with the more active world, only through papers, letters, and the visits of children who have made other homes, of the friends of earlier days who are still left to receive her cordial welcome. If in the months when the ruddy or sunset fire is dropping from the branches, or the shocks of corn, fully ripe, are gathered into the garner, she feels that her autumn of life is also come; in the glad spring, as the buds burst, the flowers unfold and the birds build nests in every bush on her grounds, she renews her youth, and is again, in heart and spirit in the morning of days; and Time that touches her, yet touches her gently, in face and form, in the winter seems anxious to repair his work, and restore entire freshness to one whose heart will never grow old.

It is the rare preservation of interest in affairs of active life in which she no longer participates, admiration of the good, love for the beautiful, joy with the successful and happy, sympathy for the afflicted and unfortunate, that makes her society sought more than she always desires. A remark once addressed to her by Judge Sinclair, who never failed, when holding court in town, to be the welcome guest of her husband, formed a comprehensive commentary upon her qualities, as a wife, mother and friend, and which is as applicable now as then, although called out before her family circle was at all broken.

"Mrs. Thomas, I have just arrived at a solution of what has often been rather mysterious about you," said the judge, smoothing his napkin as was his custom after a satisfactory dinner, and folding it carefully before putting it in the ring.

"I wish you would give me the benefit of it. There are some matters about me which I do not fully understand myself, and perhaps this is one of them," said Mrs. Thomas, very quietly.

"I have often wondered how your house should be such a pleasant place, both for its constant and its casual inmates; and I believe I have hit upon it. You always treat your guests as if they were members of your own family, and the members of your own family as if they were your guests."

"I do not know of any one who has a stronger claim upon my best efforts, than my husband and his children," said she tenderly, "and I never invite any persons to my house whom I cannot receive cordially, and strive to render happy as long as they remain."

But Mrs. Thomas did not devote her entire time to domestic duties, even when unassisted in their performance. Although very far from enjoying health, yet she could "do all her own work," as her neighbors expressed it, and still have some leisure for reading, care of the poor, sympathetic and consistent action in many enterprises of benevolence and social improvement, friendly intercourse, and proper attention to religious observances. But to accomplish this it was necessary to be industrious. In such a life there is found much labor for the head and the hands, as well as call for great expansion of the heart.

When it was possible to procure 'help,' Mrs. Thomas was always most willing to have assistance in the kitchen and cham-

bers, that she might have more time to devote to her husband, children and friends, and for those elevating enjoyments and pursuits in which she delighted. But the girls and women who, from time to time, entered her services, were so poorly qualified for the position, that they often occasioned her more labor than they relieved her from, and if they proved sadly ineffectual or unimprovable she would dismiss them, and resume her labors alone.

Being always careful that her house should be at least healthy, clean, and conducive to elegant comfort, dismissed servants and their confederates and slovenly neighbors seemed to feel personally assailed, if they called her 'very particular.' With economy in the use, and taste in the selection of furniture and costume for herself and family, all generally presented so good an appearance, that many who disburied double the amount in a year which she expended, and never looked half so well, at home or abroad, called her, 'very extravagant.' Exercising an independent choice among her acquaintances, for the frequent association of those only whose habits, tastes, feelings intelligence and aspirations harmonized with her own, those acquaintances who would not pretend to any affinity with her in these matters, thought her 'very proud.' These various charges never annoyed her an atom. She was satisfied that they were current among those only who knew simply her name or face. She remembered that she had a right to be particular; that her husband's ever open purse was a sufficient contradiction to the assertion that she was extravagant; and she believed that God would never accuse her of being very proud; she cared for none of these things, and all who in any way became acquainted with her inner life, were convinced of the utter falsity of the carefully whispered accusations.

Mrs. Thomas was one of those useful women of a passing period, if not already passed, who never hesitated to send word to morning callers that she was engaged in the kitchen, if it so happened, and she should be compelled to keep them waiting a few minutes; or that it was 'washing day,' and that unless upon some very urgent matter, they must excuse her entirely. If she really must see the company at an inconvenient hour, she never ran from the kitchen to her room to tear off her calico clothes, jump into an embroidered petticoat and silk morning gown, and sail into the parlor as if just called from some exceedingly light and dainty employment, but met her visitors frankly and freely in the costume of the moment, always neat and appropriate, deeming the kind of duty in which she was engaged, a sufficient explanation of fabric or style. And yet like all refined of her sex, she loved 'soft' raiment, and when other duties did not prevent, found a sort of genuine pleasure in wearing the choicest 'wonders of the loom' or products of the fingers, if they were really beautiful in themselves.

But this is wandering, or rather keeping too long away from the simple object of this writing—the narration of an incident in her domestic experience, which Mrs. Thomas used to relate herself with great glee and such pantomimic illustrations as set the scene vividly before her listener. She and her only daughter, just returned from her four years absence at the seminary, were dividing the domestic duties of the morning between them, and it so happened that the care of arranging the chambers, sweeping and dusting and laying the table in the dining room, fell to the lot of the younger lady; while Mrs. Thomas essayed alone the preparation of the dinner. She had brought it to a near conclusion, and just preparing to dish up the vegetables, when a rap at the kitchen door surprised her, and opening it she saw an old lady, attired in a black bombazine bonnet and dress, a faded shawl on her shoulders, and an old silk work bag of huge capacity, hanging from her arm.

"Is Square Thomas at home?"

"He is not at the house, but will probably be here directly, as it is nearly dinner time; will you walk in?"

"No, thank y'e; guess I'll set in my wagon, and wait for him."

"Oh! no, you had better come into the house," said Mrs. Thomas persuasively.

"Well, I reckon I'll just step in here," said the old woman, and entered the kitchen, dropping into a chair nearest the door, to the surprise of Mrs. Thomas, who was leading the way through the dining room, to the front part of the house. She returned and asked the visitor to go into a cooler room.

"No, thank y'e, I'd rather stay here; s'pose he won't be long coming."

"Very well, if you prefer it; he can come out here, though I presume he would rather see you in the library."

Mrs. Thomas went on with the dinner, closely watched by the visitor, in whom she thought she recognized, merely from description, a client of her husband, who annoyed him exceedingly, about the settlement of the trifling estate of her 'dear departed Potter.' She was just about to venture some inquisitive remark, to the

relict in black bombazine, based upon this supposition, when the somewhat venerable widow forestalled her by asking sharply.

"How long have you lived with Miss Thomas?"

"Oh! a great while. So long that I hardly know—"

"Possible?" interrupted the visitor.

"And where did you come from here?" Mrs. Thomas started at the oddity of the question, but said, "From New York; why, you ought to know—"

"Oh, yes, I thought as much," broke in the old lady again, "you come from a distance; Mrs. Thomas can't get nobody round here to live with her long."

Mrs. Thomas was perplexed and puzzled for a moment, but instantly surmising that her visitor mistook her for a 'hired girl,' she forgave the impertinence of the old woman, while her enjoyment of an innocent joke allowed her to sustain the character a little while, for her own edification and subsequently that of her visitor.

"Do you know Mrs. Thomas?" asked she.

"Oh, law! yes; that is, I've never seen her, but I've heard tell of her, and that's enough."

"Well, what do you hear of her?" asked Mrs. Thomas, as she sat down to peel the potatoes.

"She's orful parickler about the work, it hax to be done jest so; and she's so stuck up, she thinks her ways better'n anybody's else; nobody can never suit her anyhow."

"She does like to have her work done according to her own idea, but I never had any trouble in pleasing her, as I think when I work for others, I should strive to do as they desire, not as I may want to."

"Well—yes; but girls as has been well brought up, has just as good a right to their way, as anybody else, if they ain't quite so rich."

"To be sure they have about their own affairs; but when a girl undertakes to do another's work, it is not her own work; and her will should not be set up in opposition to her employer. Is not that reasonable. Now, after I know how Mrs. Thomas wants work done, I try to do it so, and we have never had a word of difficulty since I lived with her."

"You ain't like most girls, that's all."

"No, I suppose not; but if they would do as I do in this matter, they would get along much better. I always advise those that I know, to try it, and a great many have found out it is the best way, and in fact, the only way."

The potatoes being peeled, and the dinner done, Mrs. Thomas was so busy for a few minutes in carrying it in the dining room, that any further ceremony was prevented, beyond a few short questions, and answers, such as— "Do you make tea every day for dinner, for Mrs. Thomas?" asked the ever-inquisitive Mrs. Potter, as the tea urn came out for hot water and Souchong.

"No; but whenever she wants it, I do."

"Well, I wouldn't—there!"

"Not if you knew a cup of tea was very refreshing to her?"

"No! If she wanted tea for dinner, she might make it herself; said the old lady spitefully.

Dinner was served, and Mr. Thomas had not yet come to town. Mrs. Thomas asked Mrs. Potter to walk into the other room, lay off her things, and take some dinner; probably Mr. Thomas would come in while they were eating. There was no one in the house but Mrs. Thomas and her daughter, and she need not hesitate at all.

"No; I'd rather stay here. Her daughter's just home from the seminary, ain't she?"

"Yes, a few weeks ago."

"She don't do nothing, I s'pose, but lay abed and play on the pianer?"

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Thomas, nearly convulsed with laughter, "she's a real worker; gets up early, and would do all the housework, if her mother and I would let her; she says she wants to learn over again, what she has partly forgotten at school."

"Du tell! Well, she must be uncommon!"

"Perhaps she is. But come; come in to dinner."

"No! I'll stay out here and eat with you, after they're done."

"I eat with the family."

"You do? I thought Mrs. Thomas would not let her girls set at the table with her. That's what they say in our parts."

"They are mistaken. Mrs. Thomas never makes any strong objection, if girls want to do it, or insist upon it; but she lays it down as a rule, that every body at her table must be neatly and cleanly dressed, and if they sit there, they must be so too; which she knows is very hard for them at all times in doing kitchen work; that she knows also it is better for them every way, to prepare a table for and by themselves, where they can look and act as they like; that if they sit at the table with the family, they have no freedom of action, because she will have that time for social conversation with her family, unless

invited guests are present, it being the only time when they are altogether and they have a right to enjoy it."

"I suppose she thinks she's better than her girls. Of course she won't want me intrudin'."

"No, she does not think she is any better, if they do well; but, that she has a right to enjoy the society of her friends and family at the table, and that it is inconvenient for all and most as for themselves, for them to sit with the family. No. She won't think you are intruding; she wants me to make you come in. She is anxious to get acquainted with you, and thinks she shall like you very much."

"Me!" exclaimed the old lady, all in a flutter; "how does she know anything of me?"

"She has heard Mr. Thomas speak of you, and besides she has seen you."

"Well, now the Square is a right sociable kind of a man; alters has a pleasant word for everybody; but I guess she never sees me; she's never been in our neighborhood."

"Yes, she has, often; come along, the dinner is growing cold, and she is waiting for you;" and Mrs. Thomas fairly drew the old lady into the dining room, where, with the assistance of Jennie Thomas, she was relieved of her bonnet, bag and shawl, and at the table.

Mrs. Potter regarded Jennie with much interest, who although still attired in the simple and tasteful dress, in which she first left her room in the morning, looked very elegant in the widow's eyes.

Jennie knew not a word of all that had passed in the kitchen, and could not understand the merry expression playing around her mother's features. As her father did not come, she sat down where she could carve and help the others, while Mrs. Thomas, of course, took the seat at the head of the table by the tea urn, and began to prepare the beverage.

It was impossible to fix the old lady's attention. She was bewildered, whether most at the savvy of Jennie, or the familiarity with which the 'hired girl' handled the silver tea things, and consulted her taste in preparing the cup for her drinking, or at the attention they both paid to herself, it was hard to determine.

Jennie's wonder was most excited, by the look of expectancy with which Mrs. Potter regarded the different doors of the apartment, as if from some of them a wonderful vision was about to open to her sight.

The dining room was central to a large house, and there were fourteen or fifteen doors opening into it from various rooms, passages and closets. Mrs. Thomas knew well enough that her guest was watching for the appearance of the lady, of whom she had "heard tell," so much, but knew so little; and while she enjoyed the passing moments infinitely, she would return no explanation to the enquiring look of Jennie.

Mrs. Potter could not withhold her eyes from the various doors long enough to eat anything, or make coherent replies to the remarks of her companions at the table. The least noise about the house threw her into the utmost confusion, and occasioned a renewed scrutiny of the numerous doors. In vain the misified Jennie, and the amused Mrs. Thomas, pressed upon her acceptance the various articles composing the repast and urged her to taste them. It was very evident that not for the gratification of her palate had she ventured, or rather allowed herself to be drawn into the dining room.

Jennie became uneasy, if not alarmed, at the appearance of her companions. The expression of mischief or mirth, she was uncertain which, in her mother's face, grew more intense every moment; while the wondering eyes of Mrs. Potter, and her apprehensive manner, affected her most unpleasantly.

A silence settled over the whole group. Mrs. Potter finally paid some little attention to the contents of her plate, but more to those of her tea cup. Mrs. Thomas proposed to substitute a fresh cup full for that which had grown cold in the interim, but the widow persistently refused to make the exchange. Pouring half the beverage into the saucer, probably from the force of habit, for it was impossible to cool it any more without ice, she raised the saucer to her lips, still keeping her eyes on one or another of the doors.

Just at this moment, Jennie very innocently inquired—

"Mother, is it not very strange that father does not come?"

"No, I think not; court may not have adjourned yet."

Down fell the china saucer from the widow's lips and fingers with a crash, while the cold tea trickled from her mouth and spread over her black bombazine; her body fell heavily against the back of the chair; her hands flew into the air and then dropped powerless at her side; and in the relaxation of the muscles of her face, her lower jaw might as well have been unhinged, for any practical good that she could derive from its possession.

Jennie sprang up and screamed with fright, certain now that the woman was a crazy old creature, subject to fits; and yet the remarkable composure of her mother somewhat reassured her. Just then her father entered, and she ran to his side, sure of protection there, in any event.

Mrs. Thomas watched the widow closely and anxiously, but did not discover signs of anything more dangerous than a fainting fit, or possibly a short attack of hysteria; but even at this prospect, the kindness of her heart made her feel some compunctions of conscience, and she was rising to reach some restorative from the medical closet, when an attempt of the old lady at utterance arrested her steps. Mrs. Potter was indeed rapidly recovering herself, but yet her lower jaw would only come up to a speaking position occasionally. Whenever it would do so, as she fixed her eyes on one and another of the trio—

"Ah—ar—are—you—are you her—her daughter?"

Jennie, not yet entirely recovered from her fright, looked at her parents, as if they had better answer that question.

"Are you—are you—oh, dear me!—are you Mrs. Thomas?"

Mrs. Thomas, who was now addressed, being sure that Mrs. Potter's eyes were of mere service to her just then than her ears, simply nodded assent, without speaking.

"Mis—Mis—Mister Thomas—are you her husband—husband—husband?"

"I think so," said he, coming forward; "I am not aware of any divorce having been decreed. But, Mrs. Potter, what is the matter, my dear woman; will not your boys allow you to plant potatoes in the orchard? Wife! Jennie! what does all this mean? Do explain!"

"Oh, dear me!" broke in the poor Mrs. Potter, with more firmness of voice, but with no abatement of distress, "What have I said? What did I say? Oh, I shall die! I know I shall!"

Between repeated assurances to the old lady that not the least harm had been done, that nothing had been said that need give her any distress, Mrs. Thomas proceeded to explain to her husband and Jennie the little prelude that had been introductory to this scene.

Mrs. Potter was at last brought to a tranquil state, and was induced to remain the entire afternoon, during which many more of her impressions of Mrs. Thomas and Jennie were corrected, and they all became great friends. Indeed, Mrs. Potter, at one of her subsequent visits, which were often repeated until her last sickness, begged of Mrs. Thomas that she would receive Polly Potter, her youngest daughter, then about fifteen, into her family as a domestic for a few years. She acceded to the request, and while Polly's mother was a life long friend and admirer of Mrs. Thomas, Polly herself became the most useful assistant ever employed, and in time a most skillful housekeeper, and an intelligent, handsome young woman.

Reader, one word—(that is, provided any reader has continued on to this paragraph.) If you attend winter evening parties of the most desirable character on Michigan and Wabash avenue, you meet at any, if not all of them, the former Polly Potter, now the sensible and agreeable, though not highly accomplished, Mrs. —, who makes good use of the abundant possessions that have rewarded the early and honest ventures of her husband in Chicago real estate. Although I do not suppose she will thank me for making it so very public, neither is she ashamed of the fact I here disclose—her humble origin; if she were, I, hap hazard, would never leave a card at her door, or put my foot again upon her velvet carpets. In a country where a 'Mill Boy of the Blashes' may become the most accomplished of statesmen and polished of orators, a lady surely need not blush to own that, in her youth, she filled the position of a domestic, if she filled it well.

Mrs. Thomas very rarely comes to the city. You may have seen her at the almost palatial residence of Mrs. —, who often asks to be called 'Polly' by her, on a suggestive of that name—by her kindly spoken—of many instructive lessons she has found so beneficial to her subsequent life. Mrs. Thomas, however, will not yield this point, saying that present position, whatever it may be, is most deserving of regard and appropriate consideration, neither to be shorn of honor, or respected by what may have preceded it, nor so valued about by arbitrary distinctions as to prevent rising to any other to which inclination and capacity can carry the individual; so she ever addresses Polly as you and I, reader, when we are so happy as to meet her.

"E. S. V. P."

A dyspeptic old hypocondriac makes the following piteous inquiry:—"We have great cabbage, great gooseberries, great cabbages, great balloons, great crinoline petticoats, great bulls, pigs, and calves, but, tell me, where are our great men?"

London Punch.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1675.

who about this time captured an Englishman named Joshua Tift, who had adopted the Indian habits and married an Indian wife, by whom he had children; He was taken by Capt. Fenner, while on a marauding party, and after confessing that he had supplied the Indians with powder and fought with them in the fort, he was instantly condemned, hung and quartered. By tradition, we understand that this execution took place on Tower Hill, (now South Kingstown,) and that the operation of quartering was performed by the power of four horses, being fastened one to each arm, and one to each leg, and then drawing in four different directions, until the body was separated into four parts.

There is something revolting to humanity in this barbarous mode of execution; and the more so, as it was for no other offence than fighting for his adopted country, and for his wife and children; in a war, altogether unjust on the part of the colonies, and purely defensive on the part of the nation to which he was allied by the strongest obligations of nature.

The Narragansetts were compelled to abandon their country to the conquerors, and the main body fled towards the Nipmuck country. On their way, January 27th, they despoiled Mr. Carpenter, of Warwick, of 2000 sheep, 50 cattle, and 15 horses; this was a reasonable supply for them, as they were almost starved.

The English pursued the flying Indians northward, only leaving 70 men in garrison at Smith's House, which garrison was soon withdrawn, by the Governor of Massachusetts, when the Indians burned that and all the other English houses in that quarter—the inhabitants of which, had previously, with their personal effects, taken shelter on Rhode Island.

Thus the whole Narragansett Country deserted by the English, and their houses and improvements burned and destroyed, Warwick daily expected the same fate, and Providence was by no means safe for a moment.

Under these circumstances the General Assembly was called as follows.

At a General Assembly held by special warrant for the ordering the public affairs of his Majesty Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations at Newport, the 13th day of March, 1675-6.

Deputies from the several towns

Newport John Cranston, John Coggeshall, Caleb Carr, John Wood, Thomas Clifton, Thomas Duglin.

Providence John Whipple, Edward Enman, Richard Arnold, John Field.

Portsmouth Robert Hazard, Mathew Borden, Wm. Corey, John Sanford.

Warwick New Shoreham and Westerly, made no return of Deputies.

Voted, Mr. Walter Clarke, Capt. Jno. Cranston, Joshua Coggeshall, Caleb Carr, and John Sanford, are chosen a committee to draw up, and prepare matters for this Assembly, and make speedy return of what they agree thereon, for the courts confirmation, relating to the matters of Providence and Warwick—and also to draw up a letter to Plymouth government.

Voted, to the free inhabitants of Providence and Warwick, there remainings, greeting. Whereas, the present troubles with the natives, is, and hath been great, very hazardous and prejudicial to the inhabitants of this colony—The sense of which, upon the hearts of the Governor and Council, hath occasioned the calling of this present Assembly—who hath a true commiseration of your calamities, and really sympathize in your exertions, and own ourselves so nearly related to you, and in duty bound, for the good of his Majesty's interest, and it is our study how to do, or act, for your safety in all respects. We received a paper from you of Warwick, as we suppose, but no hand subscribed, the contents of which we take to be, the substance of your minds, and favourably construct the omission—by reason of your hurried, and exercises aforesaid. And since this meeting convened, the 13th inst. was, and is, on purpose to advise for the good and weal of this colony, as is aforesaid: after our serious debate, and well weighing your hazardous and present condition; We declare, that we find this colony is not of ability to maintain sufficient garrisons for the security of our Plantations. Therefore think, and judge it most safe, for the inhabitants to repair to this island, which is most secure. Newport and Portsmouth inhabitants, have taken such care, that those of the colony that comes and cannot procure land to plant for themselves and families relief, may be supplied with land by the townes. And each family, so wanting ability, shall have a cow kept upon the commons. But if any of you think yourselves of ability to keep your interest of houses and cattle, and will venture your lives, we shall not positively oppose you therein. But this Assembly de-

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for all articles in their line. Aug 23

AT
CHARLES P. BARBER'S,
No's. 4 & 6 MARKET SQUARE.

ACQUIRED per schooner Grace Darling and
sloop Willard. Purchasers are invited to
and examine prices and quality of same.

80 bush green crop and black tea,	80 bags laquila, Caffe & Rio coffee,
his extra and superfine flour,	90 pockets Java coffee
half bush do	5 bags roasted do
Case Graham do	10 boxes ground do
	By bush dried apples,

[illegible]

New and Choice Groceries, &c.

JUST RECEIVED per sloop Willard from
New York, and offered at wholesale and
retail at the lowest prices, by
CORNELL & DENNIS,
No. 22 BROAD STREET.

Java Brown Sugar,	Extra Dairy Butter,
Sweet's Crushed do,	do Cheese,
do Refined A do,	Lard,
do do B do,	Lard Oil,
do do C do,	Rice,
do Powdered do,	Wheat,
Extra Fine Y H Tea,	Pure Ground Spices,
do do,	Unground do,
Extra Fine Oolong do,	Box Raisins,
do do,	Bacon,
do Gunpowder do,	Citron,
English Breakfast, do,	Nankets,
Extra Peckoe do,	Wrapping Paper,

Macao do, Dairy Salt,
 Domingo do, Table do,
 Cici do, Olive Oil,
 Cici do, Pepper Sauce,
 Extra Flour, Pickles,
 Cuth do in base, Catsup,
 do do half bbls, Extra Mustard,
 uoy & White Starch, Refined Saleratus,
 uoy, Macaroni,
 heated Grits, Vermicelli,
 Cakes Farina, Ice Flour,
 on Starch, Smoking do,
 on Starch, Clinks, &c. &c.

Smoked Beef—This Warm weather rolled
 can always be found at the store of
 H. H. YOUNG, Farade Corner.

Price 12 1/2 cts per pound July 26.

URKANTS, Citrons, Raisins, Brandy, Spleon
 and all the other fixings used for cake and
 making, just received at

H. H. YOUNG'S

Flour—40 bbls extra Genesee Flour in bags and barrels. Good chance to get a barrel of flour low. **H. H. YOUNG,** Parale corner.
FLOUR.
NEW LOT OF DOUBLE EXTRA in bbls and Hecker's, in 1-8 and 1-4 bags, at 98 Thomas st.
R. H. STANTON.
PEASINS in Kegs and Whole : 1-2 1-4 Bona & Youngs, Dates, Figs, Citron, Dried Apples and Peaches, at **STANTON'S,** 247 Thomas st.
Lard.
Ham.
Shoulders.
Smoked Beef,
Beef Tongues, at
STANTON'S.

NEW SUPPLY of all grades and quantities
at a low price. For sale by
R. H. STANTON,
April 20 98 Thames st.

More valuable Molasses of Prime quality
in Hogsheads received and for sale by
T. J. COGGESHALL,
Aug 2 12 Commercial Wharf

Sugars—All kinds just received at the Farm
Corner Grocery.
May 19. **H. H. YOUNG.**

Carpentering.
STEAM MILL.

THE SUBSCRIBERS wish to call the attention of their friends and the public generally to their Establishment on Tanner street, where they keep on hand and are constantly making

Planning, and Roofing, and every description of Joining and Sawing of all kinds, such as Logs, Blank, Boards and Cleigboards. All Work warranted.

Orders left with Messrs. FISCH & ENOS, will secure attention.

GIDEON LAWTON & CO.
Newport, Sept. 4, 1862.—1

CITY STRAIGHT PLANING MILL,
NOS 1 & 3 SHERMAN ST,
NEWPORT, R. I.

WHERE Planing, Grooving, and all kinds of Scroll Sawing are done at short notice. Sashes, Blinds, Window Frames and Doors manufactured and constantly kept on hand.

May 17. **SIMON MOFFET, Proprietor.**

Lumber and Building Materials.
PINE, Spruce and Cedar. **SHINGLES, LATHING,**

Department of TIMBER, COALS and SOAPS
PLANKED LUMBER of all kinds needed, well
 seasoned and of good quality.
LIME, BRICK and CEMENT, at reasonable
 prices, for CASH at HAMMERS
 June 12 Lumber Yard, Memphis, T. S.

